

Three

thisismydesign

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Summary:

Eddie and Richie find out Bill will share an on-stage kiss with Beverly Marsh in the school play. It's not that their jealous. No, really. It's just that Bill is *their* soulmate.

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Author's Note:

I haven't written anything in such a long time, guys. This movie was so good that I couldn't help but not when I got this idea in my head. I proof read it a couple times, but apologize in advance if I missed any errors.

When Bill got cast to be in the school play, Richie and Eddie were inevitably excited for him. How could they not be when Bill was so obviously thrilled to be in the show. The weeks following up to the school audition were filled with anxiety and self-doubt since Bill was nearly certain that with his stutter there was no way he would be able to land a speaking role. Bill was determined, though, and hard work paid off when he was cast.

The initial happiness they had felt for Bill was very short lived, however, when the two of them found out that he would have to share an on-stage kiss with Beverly Marsh who was also cast in the play. It wasn't that they disliked Beverly. Neither of them had much interaction with the girl to really have much of an opinion of her either which way. It was the fact that Bill was going to be kissing her.

It was the fact that Bill was going to be kissing anyone.

Eddie and Richie weren't exactly jealous. Well, not in the traditional sense. It wasn't necessarily that Richie was upset that Bill was going to have his first kiss before he did. It wasn't necessarily that Eddie wished it was him rather than Beverly.

It was that Bill was *their* soulmate.

"I..i..t i..isn't that big of a deal g..guys," Bill tired to explain to them. "Juh-Just a play. I don't get why y..yer..you're upset. It's not real."

"Yeah? Then why'd you blush when you found out you had to kiss the Marsh girl?" Eddie asked accusingly with much more bite in his tone than a grade school kid had any business possessing.

“B..buh..because it’s w..w..weird,” Bill said, his eyes glancing down towards his feet, watching them with each step they made. He made a particular effort to avoid each crack in the sidewalk. Not because Richie had told him the other day that if he had it would break his mother’s back. Bill hadn’t believed Richie’s story like Eddie had. It was that anything he could focus on other than Eddie’s scrutinizing gaze was a good distraction.

The three of them had met in first grade. The exact circumstances of one another running into each other were details they couldn’t seem to remember, just that they had instantly knew who one another was. Everyone was born with their soul marks in the form of their soulmate’s name printed somewhere on their bodies and they were no exception to this.

Most had one. Some had two. When someone was born with two soul marks, it tended to be a sign that their first soulmate was destined to die. Tragic, but not necessarily unusual.

Bill, Richie, and Eddie had two. All in different variations of one another’s name.

This was unusual.

Most people spend years trying to find their soulmates. Others spend nearly their entire lives. Some never found their soulmates at all. While some live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else that some meet their soulmates at a very young age. Bill, Eddie, and Richie were the latter.

When they had first met, the concept of soulmates was not entirely understood. Even though Richie always teased Eddie, and Eddie would always argue with Richie, and Bill would always eventually become frustrated with having to be the peacemaker of the three, they all became inseparable. As far as they were concerned being soulmates meant instantaneous friendship.

Now that they were a bit older, three of them knew a bit more what soulmates were. They knew that they were each other’s. Eddie had explained that their souls were made for one another. Bill had mentioned that soulmates sometimes kissed. Richie has once said that

soulmates did others things too, the logistics of which still not quite understood by the three.

They knew that they would kiss too. Eventually. One day. Probably. But they never really talked about it. No one had ever brought it up before, however. Not even Richie, who seemed to have been born without a filter or the ability to recognize off topic subjects. Maybe it was just too embarrassing to talk about. Maybe it had just never come up.

"Don't be such a wuss, Big Bill," Richie asserted, eventually breaking the silence between the three of them as he was often known to do. Where Eddie showed his obvious disapproval, Richie hid his distaste.

"Yeah, sure, okay. But I'll have you know that there is such a thing as a kissing disease. It's called mono and guess how people get it? That's right, by *kissing*," Eddie said in a matter-of-fact tone, resulting in Richie rolling his eyes in an exaggerated gesture while Bill's mouth formed a line.

"I..is that r..real?" Bill asked, raising an eyebrow questioningly. "I..I duh..don't think B..Beh..Beverly has th..that."

"Of course it's real!" Eddie said exasperated. "It's incredibly common and you get tired, and have a headache, and get malaise. Don't even get me started on the rash.Trust me, I've seen pictures. I know what I'm talking about."

"Wuh..What's m..muh..malaise?" Bill asked.

"What, Eds, you think Bill's gonna catch the kissing disease and give it to you, don't you?" Richie teased interrupting Eddie before he had a chance to answer Bill's question. The sudden tight frown and wide eyes that Eddie was now sporting a quick indication that he hadn't taken Richie's words as the joke he had intended.

The forbidden topic had finally made it's appearance.

Eddie's gaze quickly switched from Richie to Bill, who was blushing harder than he had been when he learned of his on-stage kiss with Beverly Marsh. Bill had admitted that the kiss with Beverly was fake.

A supposed kiss with Eddie was much, much more real. More important. Much more special.

"You're disgusting and I said not to call me Eds anymore," Eddie spat as a red tint of his own spread across his own face as well that competed nicely with Bill's. Richie couldn't help but form a shit eating grin upon realizing how uncomfortable he had made his soulmates, which seemed to only upset Eddie more.

"You better give Eds a kiss before you get that kissing disease, Bill. Might be your only chance," Richie said, jabbing his elbow into his taller soulmate's side playfully. Richie was still grinning as he looked up at Bill, making fish lips before speaking again. "Don't worry, you'll always have me to smooch up on if Eddie decides to never kiss you."

"D..duh..don't be stupid, R..Rih..Richie," Bill said with a nervous chuckle as he pushed Richie's elbow away from him. "I..I got t..to get home. I tuh..told Georgie I wuh..would teach him hu..how to ride S..S..Silver."

"Yeah. I got to hurry home too. My mommy is going to be mad if I'm late two days in a row," Eddie said giving Bill a quick nod in agreement, thankful for the change in subject.

Richie wasn't quite as willing to let the topic go, however. For once, he figured actions would actually speak louder than words as he leaned in to give Eddie a quick kiss, which was a lot easier to do than when he moved and had to strain a bit to repeat the action with Bill since he was a bit taller than Richie. Both kisses were small and more along the line of a peck, but they were still a kiss nonetheless.

Bill's hand absentmindedly went to his lips as his finger tips brushed over the spot Richie's lips had touched his own. Eddie's hand had drifted to rub the place on his forearm where Richie's name was permanently scribed on his skin. All six soul marks burned and tingled, but not quite in an uncomfortable way. It was a welcoming sensation. A pleasant one. Something that startled the boys, including Richie.

Maybe Richie was a little upset after all that Bill would have had his first kiss before him. Or maybe Eddie did sort of wish it was him

instead of Beverly. But neither of those were an issue any longer as Richie looked between his two soulmates who were still sporting a slightly dumbfounded expression. Richie gave them both a confident grin while a small smile formed on Bill's face as well.

“If I get that kissing disease I’m going to strangle you in your sleep,” Eddie said with a deadpan expression, his hand still rubbing his arm. Soon enough, Eddie smirked as well.

Suddenly being late two days in a row didn’t seem quite so bad to Eddie.